MARVEL LIMITED SERIES

3 of 6

MILLIGAN

ROBERTSON

RAMOS

TOXIN™

SON OF CARNAGE!

THE NEW AVENGERS TIE-IN

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"QUESTION: HOW MUCH DO WE HAVE?

"ANSWER: EIGHT MILLION SIX HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.

FIRST MANHATTAN BANK

"THOUGH THE BANK IS SURE TO SAY IT'S MORE, TO CASH IN ON THE INSURANCE.

"QUESTION: FOR HOW LONG DID I TORTURE THE MANAGER BEFORE HE SAW SENSE AND OPENED THE SAFE?"

TOXIN: the DEVIL you KNOW

PART THREE: THE ANSWER, MY FRIEND

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A LONG TIME. THAT GUY HAD *GUTS.*

THAT GUY HAD A MISPLACED SENSE OF LOYALTY. I HOPE HIS EX-EMPLOYERS BUY HIM A NICE FUNERAL.

ANSWER: I TORTURED HIM FOR EXACTLY THIRTY-TWO MINUTES AND THIRTEEN SECONDS. KEEP WORKING.

QUESTION: WHY DO YOU THINK I NEED ALL THIS DOUGH?

S-SO YOU CAN RETIRE TO A CARIBBEAN ISLAND AND SURROUND YOURSELF WITH BABES?

ANSWER: SO I'LL REMIND *THE OWL* I'M BACK IN TOWN. AND RE-ESTABLISH MYSELF AS A *PLAYER.*

QUESTION: HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN ON THE RUN FROM THAT HELLHOLE KNOWN AS *RYKER'S ISLAND?*

DUNNO. BUT I GOT A FEELIN' YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME.

ANSWER: SIX MONTHS. TWO WEEKS. THREE DAYS. FIVE HOURS, THIRTY SECONDS. AND COUNTING.

EVEN NOW THERE WILL BE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER PLOTTING TO RECAPTURE ME. FROM LOWLY BEAT COPS TO VAINGLORIOUS SUPER HEROES...

QUESTION... WHO AMONG THEM WILL FIND *THE ANSWER?*

MY NAME IS *PAT MULLIGAN.* I USED TO BE A NEW YORK COP.

I USED TO BE A LOT OF THINGS. COP. HUSBAND. FATHER.

MAN.

GNNN!

ZZZZT

I HAD TO GIVE ALL THAT UP WHEN A SYMBIOTE CALLED *CARNAGE* USED ME AS A HOST BODY FOR ITS *CHILD.*

A CHILD CALLED *TOXIN.*

TOXIN! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU PLAYING AT?

I CALL HIM *LARRY.*

I DECIDED WE NEED ANOTHER PERSONA. SOMEONE NICE AND ORDINARY WE CAN BOTH FEEL AT HOME WITH.

OWW!

KINDA LIKE *NEUTRAL TERRITORY.*

OKAY, SO YOU'RE FAST. *AND* YOU'RE A *SHAPESHIFTER.* IS THAT SUPPOSED TO IMPRESS ME?

NNNGG... N-NO...NOT ESPECIALLY...

LISTEN, I STUDIED UNDER A KUNG FU MASTER WHO BY FORCE OF WILL COULD REARRANGE HIS MOLECULES INTO A *BO TREE.*

THAT OLD MAN TAUGHT ME THE SOUND OF ONE HAND CLAPPING.

I TAUGHT *HIM* THE SOUND OF *NO* HANDS CLAPPING.

SAY, MISTER RAZOR-FIST. HOW DO YOU GO TO THE BATHROOM?

T-TOXIN, DON'T GET HIM EVEN MORE AGITATED.

BUT IT'S BEEN BUGGING ME. WHEN YOU WANNA TAKE A LEAK. HOW DO YOU DO IT?

VERY.

VERY.

CAREFULLY.

ARRGHHH!

A-ANTON... GET THE HECK OUT OF HERE, WHILE YOU CAN.

IS...IS THAT YOU, OFFICER MULLIGAN?

YES, IT'S ME. NOW GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE KILLS US BOTH!

OKAY, TOXIN. I'M BLEEDING. I'M GETTING LIGHT-HEADED. I'M SCARED TO DEATH I'LL NEVER SEE MY LITTLE BOY AGAIN.

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS BUT...

PLEASE, TOXIN! I NEED YOU!

ARGHHHH

THAT'S ALL YOU HAD TO SAY, PAT.

C'MON, ANTON, ALMOST THERE...

THANK YOU, LULU. THANK YOU THANK YOU.

OUTTA MY WAY! GET OUTTA MY WAY!

UGFF!

MASTER? WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE? HAVE YOU SEEN THE *SIZE* OF THAT THING DOWN THERE?

BUT YOU CAN'T RUN! YOU'RE THE MASTER. WE *BELIEVE* IN YOU.

AND THERE'LL BE PLENTY MORE DESPERATE, SAD, LITTLE LOSERS TO TAKE YOUR PLACE.

ZZLLTT!

AAGGHH!

LULU!

GO AHEAD, RUN! YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN THE REST OF THEM! YOU'RE JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHER ADULTS.

AND THOSE *HAM-SLICERS* STRAPPED TO YOUR STUMPS LOOK *RIDICULOUS!*

WHY ARE WE STOPPING? THE RAZOR MAN IS GETTING AWAY! I CAN SMELL HIM...HE'S GOING UNDERGROUND AGAIN...

"AND I'D *REALLY* LIKE TO KNOW HOW HE GOES TO THE BATHROOM..."

AND I'D REALLY LIKE YOU TO GET OVER YOUR PUERILE OBSESSION WITH RAZOR-FIST'S PLUMBING.

PLEASE! SHE'S LOSING BLOOD. GOING INTO SHOCK.

WE'LL GET HER TO A HOSPITAL.

FORGET THE GIRL! SHE HELPED THE RAZOR MAN. SHE TRIED TO GET YOU KILLED.

SHE'S YOUNG.

I'M YOUNG. THAT DOESN'T STOP YOU CRITICIZING EVERYTHING I DO.

THAT'S DIFFERENT.

WHY? WHY IS THAT DIFFERENT?

MAYBE I SHOULD JUST CALL AN AMBULANCE.

"ANOTHER SECOND AS LARRY AND RAZOR-FIST WOULD HAVE *SKINNED* US."

"DO YOU HAVE ANY WOUNDS? DID WE NEED STITCHES? LOSE BLOOD? GET *SCABBY?*"

EMERGEN

St. JOSEPHS

WELL, NO, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT...EVEN THOUGH HE CUT US...WE SEEM TO BE FINE NOW...

I KNEW OUR WOUNDS WOULD HEAL QUICKLY. THAT'S WHAT COMES WITH HAVING *ME* AS A PARTNER.

YOU'RE NOT MY PARTNER.

I'M NOT YOUR *SLAVE*, NEITHER.

I'M THE HOST BODY IN THIS SETUP, THAT MEANS I *CALL RANK.*

EXCUSE ME, MA'AM. THIS GIRL NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION.

--?

WE GOTTA REACH SOME KINDA AGREEMENT.

AN *AGREEMENT?* WITH AN INSANE, INFANTILE ALIEN MONSTER LIKE YOU?

A SOILED BANDAGE SOAKED THROUGH WITH DRIED BLOOD?

THIS *POLICE INFORMANT* WE USE SAID HE WANTED SOMETHING YOU'D TOUCHED. SOMETHING TO GET A TRACE WITH. LIKE...HE WAS SETTING *SNIFFER DOGS* ONTO YOU OR SOMETHING.

HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS FOUND ITS WAY TO *SPIDER-MAN?*

THE INFORMANT GOT PULLED IN ON AN UNRELATED CHARGE, AND USED THE INFORMATION AS A BARGAINING CHIP. IT'S HOW MOST POLICE WORK OPERATES.

FASCINATING. THANK YOU, OFFICER PERKINS.

AH...M-MASTER? I HAVE SERVED YOU WELL, HAVE I NOT? AM I NOT W-WORTHY OF...BENEDICTION?

VERY WELL, OFFICER PERKINS. THE USUAL?

I-IF IT BE YOUR WILL...

AIEEEEE!

BANK SOURCES SUGGEST THE ROBBERY WAS IN THE REGION OF TWELVE MILLION DOLLARS...

THIS APPEARS TO BE THE WORK OF THE SUPER-CRIMINAL AND GENERAL KNOW-IT-ALL KNOWN AS THE ANSWER, WHO WAS PART OF THE MASS BREAKOUT FROM THE RAFT AT RYKER'S ISLAND SIX MONTHS AGO.

IS HE BAD?

OH, HE'S REAL BAD.

BECAUSE...

A MAN DIED IN THAT ROBBERY. AND *THE ANSWER* TOOK SOMETHING THAT DIDN'T BELONG TO HIM. THAT'S STEALING.

SO ALL STEALING IS BAD?

SURE.

I KEEP MY EYES AND EARS OPEN, AND I HEARD THAT YOU GUYS STOLE AMERICA FROM THE PEOPLE WHO USED TO LIVE HERE

DOES THAT MAKE ALL YOU SO-CALLED AMERICANS BAD?

IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE.

SO SOMETIMES IT'S ALL RIGHT TO STEAL?

NO. BUT... WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE NATIVE AMERICANS, THAT WAS ALL A LONG TIME AGO.

SO AS LONG AS YOU DON'T GET CAUGHT RIGHT AWAY IT STOPS BEING BAD?

LET'S TAKE FIVE, OKAY?

TOXIN AND I HAVE COME TO AN AGREEMENT. HE'LL HELP ME CATCH BAD GUYS.

XAHXHAX

BUT HE NEEDS TO KNOW WHY THEY ARE BAD. HE NEEDS *CONVINCING.*

HE WON'T JUST TAKE MY WORD FOR IT.

1799! WOW

WHEN I WAS A KID AND QUESTIONED MY MOM SHE'D SAY: *BECAUSE I SAID SO.*

AND IF I KEPT ON ABOUT IT, SHE'D GRAB MY EAR AND TWIST IT. THAT WOMAN MOVED FASTER THAN RAZOR-FIST WHEN SHE WANTED.

WHAT ABOUT *THIS* PLACE?

DIDN'T IT GIVE ME THE KIND OF MORAL EDUCATION I NEED TO BE ABLE TO ANSWER TOXIN'S TOUGH QUESTIONS ABOUT WHAT MAKES SOMEONE BAD?

HMM. SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK TOXIN'S GOING TO BUY: "BECAUSE IT SAYS SO IN THE BIBLE."

WHY SHOULD HE?

St JOSEPH

SERVICES

SUN MASS 10AM
MON MASS 9AM
TUES CCD 11PM
WED BINGO 10PM
FRI SERVICE 11PM

LIVE LIFE IN THE GLORY OF GOD

I NEVER DID.

SURE, I REMEMBER *MEADOWS*. HE WAS PAT'S PARTNER.

WELL, HE SAID THAT PAT'S OKAY. HE SAID PAT STILL LOVES YOU AND MISSES YOU BOTH.

SO WHY DOESN'T PAT COME HOME?

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

I DON'T CARE. SHUT UP.

YOU'RE THINKING HOW *IRONIC* LIFE IS: YOU LEAVE YOUR OWN CHILD, ONLY TO FIND YOURSELF TRYING TO RAISE ME, ANOTHER CHILD, FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M THINKING.

I GOT A PRETTY GOOD IDEA, POPS.

DON'T CALL ME THAT.

WHY TORTURE YOURSELF LIKE THIS? GO BACK TO YOUR FAMILY! ME AND YOUR BOY CAN BE *PLAYMATES*.

SHUT UP ABOUT MY FAMILY OR I SWEAR I'LL FIND A WAY *TO HURT YOU!*

WHAT'S THAT?

JUST SOME LUNATIC. A DRUGGY, PROBABLY.

THIS USED TO BE SUCH A *NICE NEIGHBORHOOD*.

GOD BLESS RAZOR-FIST, EH?

HE DIDN'T MEAN IT. IT'S...IT'S BLASPHEMOUS.

ARE YOU RELIGIOUS, PAT?

NOT PARTICULARLY.

SO—

SO NOTHING. SO SHUT UP!

NO NEED TO BE SO SNIPPY. GEE...YOU DID SAY THAT RAZOR-FIST WAS ALL BAD.

HE IS! EVERY LAST DROP OF HIM.

BUT HE HELPED THAT KID GET OVER HIS SELF-HARM PROBLEM. THAT'S GOOD, AIN'T IT?

THAT'S GOOD. BUT RAZOR-FIST IS BAD.

"I'M STARTING TO THINK THINGS AIN'T QUITE AS BLACK AND WHITE AS YOU LIKE TO MAKE OUT, PAT."

D-DON'T DO THIS, JEB...MAYBE WE CAN CUT A DEAL. LET ME CALL THE D.A.'S OFFICE. COME ON, I'M BEGGING YOU...I GOT A WIFE...I G-GOT TWO KIDS...

A WIFE AND TWO KIDS?

THAT'S JUST PLAIN GREEDY.

BLAMM

BLAMM

BLAMM

IF I KEEP TOXIN BUSY HE TALKS LESS, AND THEREFORE DRIVES ME LESS CRAZY.

SO I RESUME MY HUNT FOR RAZOR-FIST, USING THE OLD SOILED BANDAGE SPIDER-MAN GAVE ME TO TRACK HIM W TH.

BUT SOMETHING'S WRONG.

THAT WEIRD TOXIN MAGIC AIN'T WORKING

SOMEHOW THE TRAIL HAS GONE COLD.

YES, MY PETS. SMOTHER ME IN EXOTIC PERFUME. BEST'NK ME WITH PUNGENT O LS AND CREAMS.

MARY, YOU MAY UNGUENT MY SHADOW REGIONS.

AN HONOR, MASTER. BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO *LULU*? WASN'T *SHE* MISTRESS OF THE DARK PLACES?

LULU'S TAKING A SABBATICAL.

BUT I'M GLAD YOU MENTIONED HER. I MIGHT LOOK HER UP.

LULU...

IS THIS MY FAULT?

IF I HADN'T BEEN THERE...IF I HADN'T *LOST CONTROL*...

DOCTOR SAYS SHE'S GONNA BE FINE. IF FINE MEANS SCARRED FOR L FE. MAN, I COULDN'T BELIEVE THE WAY RAZOR-FIST TURNED ON HER, AFTER ALL SHE...

ANTON, I NEED A WORD.

I'M SORRY, PAT...I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH RAZOR-F ST ANYMORE. HE'S MOVED ON.

SO HAVE *I*.

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT...BUT RAZOR-FIST SUCCEEDED WHERE THERAPISTS, DOCTORS, AND PRIESTS ALL FAILED.

I DON'T CUT MYSELF ANYMORE. I DON'T NEED TO.

I CAN FACE LIFE, INCLUDING MY PAIN-IN-THE-BUTT PARENTS, WITHOUT RESORTING TO BLADES.

SO, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED... *GOD BLESS RAZOR-FIST.*

DOES THAT MEAN YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS BUT YOU'RE PROTECTING HIM?

WHEN I SAY GOD BLESS RAZOR-FIST, THAT DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T KNOW HE'S A DANGEROUS PSYCHOPATH WHO NEEDS A SMACK-DOWN. IF I KNEW WHERE HE WAS I'D TELL YOU.

A YOUNG POLICE OFFICER, DOING HIS JOB, GOT A WIFE AND KIDS WAITING FOR HIM AT HOME...SHOT DEAD IN A STINKING ALLEY.

THAT *BLACK AND WHITE* ENOUGH FOR YOU, TOXIN?

YE-YEAH--

GOOD.

I COULD STRIKE RIGHT AWAY--BUT I'M SCARED OF WHAT I MIGHT *DO* TO HIM...

I KEEP SEEING THAT YOUNG COP'S *DEAD FACE.*

I KEEP IMAGINING HIS KIDS.

GROWING UP WITHOUT THEIR DADDY.

LIKE *MY KID.*

LIKE *EDWARD.*

NGGG!

I SEE THAT POOR YOUNG COP...THE FACES OF HIS WIFE AND KIDS WHEN THEY FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM...

THEN I SEE MY OWN POOR WIFE, ASKING MY OLD MAN:

"WHY DOESN'T PAT COME HOME?"

HEY, BUDDY! WHAT YA DOIN' ...JUMPING OUT ON *INNOCENT PEOPLE* LIKE THAT?

UNTIL FINALLY--

OH--OH MY GOD...Y-YOUR FACE...YOU...

P-PLEASE... D-DON'T HURT ME...

--FINALLY I JUST CAN'T FIGHT ANY MORE...

OKAY, *PAIN.*

ALL RIGHT, DESPAIR.

YOU WIN.

AAIEEE

THAT'S RIGHT. WASH ALL THE BLOOD AND TINY FRAGMENTS OF BONE AWAY. YOU'LL FEEL BETTER.

I DOUBT IT.

WE DID THE RIGHT THING. EVEN I--THE CREATURE FROM THE MORAL VACUUM--COULD SEE HE WAS BAD ROTTEN. FOUL.

I COULDN'T CONTROL YOU.

YOU DIDN'T WANT TO CONTROL ME.

YOU'RE RIGHT. I, *WE*, DID EXACTLY WHAT I WANTED TO DO TO THAT GUY. I WANTED TO TEAR HIM LIMB FROM LIMB. I WANTED TO PUT HIM THROUGH PAIN. TERRIBLE, INDESCRIBABLE PAIN. AND I DID.

I DID.

WE DID.

THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT *RIGHT*. THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG, BEING CIVILIZED AND BARBARIC, BETWEEN A MAN AND A WILD BEAST...IS THE ABILITY TO CONTROL THOSE DARK URGES.

DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP ABOUT IT, PAT. YOU'RE ONLY HUMAN. AND I'M ONLY... WHATEVER IT IS I AM.

RELAX A LITTLE. THERE'S GOTTA BE SOME WAY WE CAN LEARN TO LIVE TOGETHER. THERE'S GOTTA BE AN ANSWER...

O'DOYLE BAR

QUESTION...

HOW LONG SHOULD I WAIT BEFORE RETURNING *THE OWL'S* PHONE CALL?

...YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO TALK TO THE OWL, ON THE PRISONER'S PHONE AT *RYKER'S ISLAND.*

YOU *DON'T* WAIT. YOU DON'T KEEP A MEAN BIRD LIKE *THE OWL* WAITING.

ANSWER...

WH-WHO ARE YOU?

DISAPPOINTING. I THOUGHT YOU HAD ALL *THE ANSWERS.*

WAIT. YES. I HEARD...ABOUT A NEW...A NEW KID ON THE BLOCK...

POISON. CORRUPTION...

...POLLUTION...

OOHHFF!

AM I GETTING WARM?

I'M SEARCHING FOR AN *ANSWER* TO SOMETHING. SOMETHING THAT'S BEEN *ELUDING* ME.

HELP ME FIND IT AND I'LL WALK AWAY, AND WE'LL BOTH GET ON WITH OUR LIVES.

OKAY, SHOOT. WHAT D'YOU WANNA KNOW?

I'M A DECENT GUY. USED TO BE A COP. NOW I'VE GOT A CRAZY SYMBIOTE USING ME AS A HOST.

HOWEVER HARD I TRY TO EDUCATE IT, WHATEVER I DO TO BRING IT UP PROPERLY, IT *MISBEHAVES.* AND IT BRINGS OUT THE WORST IN ME. IT'S *DESTROYING* ME.

WHAT DO I DO? WHAT'S *THE ANSWER?*

HMM.

LET ME THINK ABOUT THAT ONE.

QUESTION...

DO I *LIKE* BEING BACK IN *RYKER'S ISLAND?*

ANSWER: WHAT DO *YOU* THINK? IT SERVES ME RIGHT FOR TRUSTING AN EX-COP.

HE PROBABLY DIDN'T LIKE THE ANSWER I GAVE HIM. BUT IT WAS THE SOLUTION TO ALL HIS PROBLEMS.

"GO TO A SUBWAY STATION, I TOLD HIM.

"WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THAT TRAIN COMING."

3rd

B F EXIT↑

23rd

SUBWAY MAP

QUESTION...

DOES IT MAKE BEING STUCK BACK IN HERE JUST A *LITTLE* EASIER TO SWALLOW, KNOWING WHAT I TOLD THAT EX-COP TO *DO?*

"ANSWER..."

XIII

The Hand

E E M P I R